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## FOR PAULIE.

A fancy of summers far away,  
Of a June that shall never be;  
With skies all azure, and sweet south winds,  
And our fairy ship at sea.

When the clouds were low, and the twilight hung  
O'er the chill November day,  
From the weary land, o'er a summer sea,  
We launched our dream away.

Drifting away o'er the rocking swell  
To the rosy sunset land,  
The fiery rampart and purple hill  
That rise on the golden strand.

With a breath of Music to fill the sails,  
And a wild waltz-measure borne  
In passionate sighs o'er the lonely sea,  
With the voice of harp and horn.

So we dream of it, you and I,  
With a tenderness all in vain;  
So sweet a fancy, I hold it still,  
And I dream it o'er again.

Viol and flute, and choral song,  
And the sea's low undertone—  
The charmed bark, with its golden prow  
Drifting away alone!

The hearts we yearn for, through nights and days,  
With a passion all divine—  
A charm has drawn them, to throb with ours,  
Away on the desert brine.

Fancies, and faces, and dreams that came,  
And left us a smile or sigh,  
We find them again, on the silent sea,  
In the June that shall never die.

A world of gladness, and love, and rest—  
Moonlight and wave and wind;  
Floating away with no shade to haunt  
From the world we leave behind,

Jewels of sunlight to flash in spray,  
Clouds all amber and gold—  
The eyes that we look for and never find,  
The hands that we never hold.

Oh voyage too fair for the stormy sea  
Where your ship and mine must go!  
I fancy the passion and feel the peace  
As I watch the drifting snow.

A strange sweet fortune, all told in vain,  
Of a June that shall never be—  
The faces we dream of, the hearts we love,  
And our fairy ship at sea!

—BY E. B. MINETTE.

## ROSSINI IN SLIPPERS.

BY ALBERT VIZENTINI.

Translated from "L'Art Musical," by MARGARET CECILIA CLEVELAND.

Rossini at home resembles a lion in his old age! However gilded may be the cage in which he has voluntarily imprisoned himself, whatever is his apparent effeminacy, his absolute dumbness, only speak one word recalling the past, his youth,

when he appeared an Atlas, and you will see him rear up his head and shake his vast mane. Years alone have given him a velvet paw; weariness of men and the world has made him feline; but at the slightest sign, the least souvenir of the past, the powerful claw will reappear. His eye will kindle with the sparkling fire of former days, and he will prepare to bound as in the days of the combat. What has not been said of him? What remains to be written of this astonishing man, who is one of the greatest glories of this century? Worthy son of Mozart, whom he loves and reveres above all others, Rossini is passing the second part of his life in enjoying the triumphs won during the first. Deified before his hour, he does not pose himself until he has made sure of the pedestal, and the eternal verdure of his imagination proves that he belongs to that small number of superior beings sent sometimes by Heaven upon earth, to teach to mortals the way of the beautiful. To depict Rossini is not an easy matter. Diplomat to his finger tips—the malicious old man can be at the bottom, nervous, excessively impressionable: thanks to his extraordinary power of will, to his stereotyped smile, he is impassable externally; he is an impenetrable wall, and if he does not often say what he thinks, he always thinks what he says. His reputation offers three points which are equally false: he is called indolent—he who in nineteen years wrote forty-four operas! He is called a gourmand—he is an epicure, who has the most refined taste and who breakfasts regularly upon slices of bread soaked in *café au lait*. They pretend that he does not love music, he who would have invented it, had it not already existed.

From the age of twenty to thirty, Rossini was witty, lively, thoughtless, mocking himself . . . and others. Now he is caustic, cutting and essentially keen, possessing that Italian *finesse* which would conceal a poignard, it necessary, under the flowers of a madrigal. Of an encouraging appearance, extending as far as complacency, gracious and paternal when he wishes to be, gifted with a marvellous address, he has profoundness and logic to an astonishing degree; with his eagle glance he sees surely, marks by a word and does not risk himself before having calculated the perils of his route. Nothing can embarrass him, he replies to all, even though he be minister, philosopher, mathematician, pork-butcher, or pope, with equal superiority.

His pose is natural to him, his good nature is that of a cunning peasant, having seen too much, heard too much not to be mistrustful, he handles praise with the dexterity of a Robert Houdin; compliments are his common coin, in short, his epigrams are so fine that they are taken for eulogies, and his eulogies so great that they are taken for epigrams.

When in 1820 Rossini vowed to write no more—(impious vow kept until 1857), he was attacked by a fever of repose, followed by a nervous malady which put his life in danger. The great care taken of him by the excellent Madame Rossini, and his sojourn at Paris entirely restored his precious health, upon the supreme condition of retiring early and ceasing to attend the theatres, which agitated him too much; this is the reason that he accepts neither dinners, soirees, or visits.

As he loves a mild and pleasant life as much as he execrates solitude, he receives often, and with apparent happiness. Conversation is necessary to him, for he follows attentively all the movements of the artistic world, and progresses with progress. Beside his Saturdays, which have become famous, he gives two annual fêtes and excellent dinners, which he loves to adorn with contemporaneous celebrities, making himself so insignificant that his guests appear to greater advantage. This is the last musical salon, the last hospitable mansion where one finds little but the patriotism of the stomach. A very early riser, Rossini receives first the thousand visitors, who are every day recommended to him. After being shaved, (an operation to him of the greatest importance), he walks in summer in the Bois de Boulogne, in winter in the Palais Royal, like a simple mortal, happy to warm himself in the sun. The rest of the day is consecrated to work; in the evening he chats until nine or ten o'clock, and then sleeps the sleep of the just. Taking snuff like an old Canoness, he only allows himself a small cigar after dinner and on fête-days! We know that he only travels by post, holding railroads in horror. The only time that he consented to get into a car was to go from Brussels to Antwerp to admire Reuben's paintings: for eight days afterwards he trembled nervously. Age has not taken from him all his physical pretensions; he is always gallant with the ladies, and embraces them willingly. When they announce to him a visitor of the weaker sex, he hastens to change his wig, and put on the one the best curled.

Wigs play a great rôle in his existence, he has them in every style and for all circumstances, in life, adjusting them upon one side, according as he wishes to give himself a swaggering or conquering air.

His apartments in Paris, situated on the first floor of the house on the corner of the Boulevard and the Chaussée d'Antin, is a museum of relics, curiosities, objects of art, and costly pictures. Here remark principally, in the Grand Salon, a beautiful portrait of Rossini in his youth, two paintings representing Moses and Othello; a charming little statuette placed between the two windows; on the table of the little Salon Bleu, the works of Gustavé Doré (friend and frequenter of the house); in the dining room are high side tables covered with Venetian glass and superb china ware, a picture of fish, in relief (nets filled with fish) which is really wonderful; polished *armoires* of violet ebony, etc. Here the gentlemen sit Saturdays, for the Salon is reserved exclusively for the ladies; the dining room then presents a collection of ribbons and *brochettes*. Alone in his little corner an old man is remarked, in the midst of all the white cravats, by his great colored vest, his old pantaloons, and his unfashionable frock coat; but look at him well? The beauty of his Olympian brow, the malice which sparkles in his witty eyes, the firmness of his features, the contour of which has been rounded by years, the refinement of his distinguished smile will make you recognize a powerful individuality, and you will prostrate yourself before Gioacchino Rossini. If the weather is not too warm, the *maestro* remains in his bed-chamber, the table of which presents a curious amalgama-

tion of pens, *bibelots*, books, souvenirs, letters, newspapers and music paper, upon which flourishes conspicuously the large red foulard which has the honor of serving him as handkerchief.

Behind this bed-chamber . . . hum! I am about to commit a gross indiscretion—prepare yourself . . . —behind this bed-chamber is the famous *cabinet mystérieux*, in which Rossini encloses his safe, all his works (scores and manuscripts), the souvenirs of his triumphal career, pictures, busts of price, portraits of artists, etc. No one has ever penetrated this sanctuary; Rossini enters here only after looking around with precaution. The summer reunions at Passy, have more intimacy, more *laissez-aller*.

Built by the architect Doussault on the grounds of the ancient Ranelag, bought of the city of Paris for 100,000 francs, and chosen by Rossini, because it had the form of a grand piano, this summer villa is truly princely. The garden is magnificent, and the richness of the kitchen-garden announces how much it is the object of a particular predilection. The ground floor consists of a little ante-chamber, in which is seen the medallion of Rossini by Chevallier; of a bright, comfortable dining-room, the ceiling of which is frescoed by Doussault; two *Salons Blancs*, the ceilings and painting of which, executed after the cartoons of Chenevard by three Polish artists, representing Palestrina conducting the Mass of Pope Marcello (so called) in the Sistine Chapel, Mozart congratulated by the Emperor Joseph on the success of "Il Fauto Magico," Mattei, Haydn, Cimarosa, Boieldieu, etc. As to Rossini's bed-chamber, it is on the first floor, and offers to the curious nothing more remarkable than a low bed, a collection of Chinese *bibelots*, and a piece of furniture in violet-ebony, containing the manuscript works of the *maestro*, who keeps them carefully under lock and key, and only confides them to the copyist, under the supervision of his own paternal eyes. Looking after his interests as closely as an administrator, Rossini excels in making out specifications, and drawing up contracts. He keeps a little book of the contents of his cellar, and the regularity of the accounts would put the best butler in despair—each bottle of wine that is touched has its little red cross, and the *maestro* knows à merveille the quantity drunk at each of his dinners. He passes the entire month of December in making up his accounts for the year, heaving deep sighs over the expenses, and saying, after reading each bill, "Dieu! how happy the poor are, who are not obliged to spend money!"

Rossini has his favorite phrases, which he often repeats. If you compliment him upon this or that work which has transported you, he will say, "You are too good to interest yourself in the follies of an old man, for I compose no longer. I have forgotten how; but I am a great pianist. Diemer, Lavignac, Delahaye, are jealous of me: there is a conspiracy against me among all the pianists because I have not the same method as themselves, but I am going to enter the *Conservatoire*, and then they will have to behave themselves." Speak to him of France, and he will reply: "France is the country of pretty women, little pâtés and good wine: a charming country, which only needs contraltos to be perfect."

The real master at Rossini's house is the dog

Mina, whose province is well known in the musical world. When Mina is suffering the door is closed, and the piano silent. At Rossini's soirées this *mélomane* of a dog rests under the chair of her mistress; growling softly, she is only silent when they play Rossini's music, barks when they applaud, and howls if the pieces are to be encored.

At present Rossini is scoring the "Petite Messe" that he had executed at M. Pillet Wild's, and which is worthy of the pen that wrote "William Tell." His manuscript works (for piano and voice) have only been heard by a restricted circle of intimate friends; they mark a new transformation, a third manner in the style of the *maestro*, in which the melodic invention, harmonic richness, and exquisite delicacy are more apparent than ever. Inspired by a thousand trifling details, he writes delicious piano pieces which will make a revolution when they belong to the public. Such are "Les Fanfares," "Les Vingt-quatre reins," "Les Preludes fugasses," "Baroque," "Petulant," "Chinois," "Pretentieux," "Hygienique," "Hydrotheropique," "Les Quatres Mendiante," "Les Quatre Hors-d'oeuvre," "Les Couchemars," "Le Profond sommeil," "L'Etude asthmatique," "Le Hachis romantique," "La carresse a ma femme," "Le Pain-chant Chinois," &c. All these pleasant and eccentric titles are vivacious, and the piano music of Rossini, abounding in incredible beauties, will remain as the supreme manifestation of his eternal imagination, of his admirable genius! !

#### LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

#### THE UMBRIAN SCHOOL.

#### PIETRO PERUGINO.

Born 1446, died 1524.

The fame of Perugino rests more on his having been the master and instructor of Raphael, than on his own works or worth. Yet he was a great and remarkable man in his own day; interesting in ours as the representatives of a certain school of art immediately preceding that of Raphael. Francesco Francia has left behind him a name, perhaps, less known and celebrated, but far more revered.

The territory of Umbria in Italy comprises that mountainous region of the Ecclesiastical States now called the Duchy of Spoleto. Perugia, Foligno, Assisi, and Spoleto, were among its principal towns; and the whole country, with its retired valleys and isolated cities, was distinguished in the middle ages as the peculiar seat of religious enthusiasm. It was here that St. Francis of Assisi preached and prayed, and gathered around him his fervid, self-denying votaries. Art, as usual, reflected the habits and feelings of the people; and here Gentile da Fabriano, the beloved friend of Angelico da Fiesole, exercised a particular influence. No less than thirteen or fourteen Umbrian painters, who flourished between the time of Gentile and that of Raphael, are mentioned in Passavant's "Life of Raphael." This mystical and spiritual direction of art extended itself to Bologna, and found a worthy interpreter in Francesco Francia. We shall, however, speak first of Perugino.

Pietro Vannucci was born at a little town in Umbria, called Citta della Pieve, and he was known for the first thirty years of his life as Pietro della Pieve; after he had settled at Perugia, and had obtained there the rights of citizenship, he was called Pietro di Perugia, or IL PERUGINO, by which name he is best known.

We know little of the early life and education of Perugino; his parents were respectable, but poor. His first instructor is supposed to have been Nicolo Alunno. At this time (about 1470) Florence was considered as the head-quarters of art and artists; and the young painter, at the age of five-and-twenty, undertook a journey to Florence, as the most certain path to excellence and fame.

Vasari tells us that Pietro was excited to industry by being constantly told of the great rewards and honors which the professors of painting had earned in ancient and in modern times, and also by the pressure of poverty. He left Perugia in a state of desolute want, and reached Florence, where he pursued his studies for many months with unwearied diligence, but so poor meanwhile that he had not even a bed to sleep on. He studied in the chapel of Masaccio in the Carmine, which has been already mentioned; received some instruction in drawing and modelling from Andrea Verocchio; and was a friend and fellow-pupil of Leonardo da Vinci. They are thus mentioned together in a contemporary poem written by Giovanni Santi, the father of the great Raphael:

"Due giovin par d' etate e par d' amori,  
Leonardo da Vinci e'l Perusino  
Pier della Pieve, che son divini Pittori."

That is,

"Two youths, equal in years, equal in affection,  
Leonardo da Vinci and the Perugian  
Peter della Pieve, both divine painters."

But, though "par d' etate e par d' amori," they certainly were not equal in gifts. Perugino divides into insignificance when we think of the triumphant and universal powers of Leonardo. But this is anticipating.

There can be no doubt that Perugino possessed genius and feeling, but confined and shadowed by certain moral defects; it was as if the brightness of his genius kept up a continual struggle with the meanness of his soul, to be in the end overpowered and held down by the growing weakness and debasement. Yet when young in his art a pure and gentle feeling guided his pencil; and in desire to learn, in the fixed determination to improve and to excel, his calm sense and his calculating spirit stood him in good stead. There was a famous convent near Florence, in which the monks—not lazy nor ignorant, as monks are usually described—carried on several arts successfully, particularly the art of painting on glass. Perugino was employed to paint some frescoes in their convent; and also to make designs for the glass-painters. In return, he learned how to prepare and to apply many colors not yet in general use; and the lucid and vigorous tints to which his eye became accustomed in their workshop certainly influenced his style of coloring. He gradually rose in estimation; painted a vast number of pictures and frescoes for the churches and chapels of Florence, and particularly an altar-piece of great beauty for the famous convent of Vallombrosa. In this he represented the Assumption of the Virgin, who is soaring to heaven in the midst of a choir of angels, while the twelve Apostles beneath look upwards with adoration and astonishment. This excellent picture is preserved in